Volume LXXVII CHICAGO, APRIL 27, 1916 Number 9

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

FAITH.

Out of the old brown earth the new green things
will spring,
On the leafless branch of an apple tree I hear a
robin sing;

Chill is the air, but I know, my prescient soul fore-
tells,
Nature again will respond to the voice that within
her dwells;

Joy lies benumbed in my heart, but the faith that
rises supreme
Whispers the word of hope, and the sunbeams of
love are agleam;

Spring calls the earth, calls the heart as it droops
in despair,
Hearing her voice, both arise and their ready ac-
ceptance declare;

Robin and I take, each in his way, the lesson Faith
strives to impart:
He sees the blooms on the apple tree, I feel joy
wake in my heart!

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

CONTENTS

EDITORAL—
Notes 135
The Peace Cause In Chicago 137

THE PULPIT—
The Research Magnificent.—JOSEPH FORT NEWTON 139

CORRESPONDENCE—
How Can the Allies Achieve Their Purpose.—LUCIA AMES MEAD 141
A Schoolgirl Pacifist.—CECELIA ZILBERMAN 141

CONTRIBUTED—
Lincoln Centre Fellowship.—A. L. K. 142

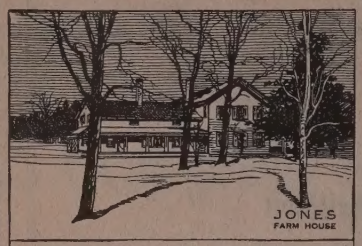
THE STUDY TABLE—
Religion Without God.—GEORGE WILLIS COOKE .. 142

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Growth of Christianity. IX. Monks and Missions in the West 144

POETRY—
Faith.—ALTHEA A. OGDEN 133
The Day of the People Is Dawning.—*William P. Merrill* 135
Lures.—*Aldis Dunbar* 145

THE FIELD—
Garden City Conference 146
Sermon Topics of Jenkin Lloyd Jones 146
All Souls Sunday School, Chicago.—A. L. K. 146

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO



JONES
Dairy Farm
SAUSAGE

FOR SALE BY

ACKERMAN MARKET HOUSE
1450 E. 47th Street
FRED BALLARD
1516 E. 53rd Street
BLACK BROS.
1541 E. 53rd Street
WM. BULOWA
1332 E. 47th Street
CLARK-LYON CO.
3917 Cottage Grove Ave.
H. F. EGGERS,
55th and Madison
J. W. LEIGH
1514 E. 53rd Street
C. H. MORGAN & CO.
1405 E. 47th Street
O. T. WALL & CO.
1308 E. 63rd Street
CHAS. A. WENZEL
1327 E. 57th Street
RUST & ANTISDALE
1408 E. 47th Street

MILO C. JONES
FT. ATKINSON, WIS.

Telephone, Douglas 665

John G. Hope

PAINTING AND DECORATING

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS

3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
WELBERRY & RAMM, Proprietors
Fancy and Staple Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Phones: Drexel 115
Automatic 73-096

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE
LIBERAL MINISTRY
Including special courses to meet the growing demand for Parish Assistants, Sunday School Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal scholarship provisions, including two summer sessions at The University of Chicago. Traveling fellowship yielding $810. Religious education and social service institutes during the summer quarter open to special students with scholarship aid.
Apply to F. C. Southworth, President
MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Meadville, Pennsylvania.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1916. NUMBER 9

THE DAY OF THE PEOPLE IS DAWNING.

We knelt before kings; we bent before lords;
For theirs were the crowns, and theirs were the swords
But the times of the bending and bowing are past,
And the day of the people is dawning at last.

We cringed before gold; we deified wealth;
We laid on its altar the life and the health
Of manhood and womanhood, childhood and youth;
But its lordship is doomed in this day of the truth.

The strength of the State we'll lavish on more
Than making of wealth and making of war;
We are learning at last, though the lesson comes late,
That the making of man is the task of the State.

Great Day of Jehovah, prophets and seers
Have sung of thy coming for thousands of years;
Thank God for each sign that the dark night is past;
And the day of the people is dawning at last!

—William P. Merrill.

The leading editorial in the Department of Religion in the *Literary Digest* for April 22 is entitled "The Church as a Laggard in Social Reform." Get the number and read it.

Says the *Public,* which seems to ring true always on the question of peace, and which now persists in preaching that "war is the sum of all villainies": "To use the public school for evil purposes is to furnish a powerful argument to its enemies. . . . Military preparationists insist on putting aside the consideration that preparedness for ordinary living is the first requisite for defense, while shouting about 'national honor' and fretting over 'national danger.'"

A late bulletin of the Publicity Department of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, from whose publications we have previously quoted, is making merry over the fact that many temperance people have been found delighting in the Wine of Cardui, "a favorite medicine among Prohibitionists." So much the worse for the Wine of Cardui. Even this enemy is being found out and the case is going against it before a court of justice. Bring up the other sinners!

Once more we quote the man who said: "No gentleman will insult me, no other man can?" Is not the whole question of national honor involved in this epigram? It is a low kind of national honor that seeks to kill innocent people and expose innocent citizens to being killed for the misdeeds of bandit, king, kaiser or war-lords. How many of these people who are clamoring for preparedness ever expect to find themselves on the firing line. If the army could be recruited from senators, bankers, editors and the like, and battleships and cannon could be paid for out of the income tax of "big business" the discussion would beat itself into clearness more rapidly.

The *New Armenia,* published in Boston, announces that "according to reliable reports the Turks now evince some consideration for the welfare of the Armenian survivors." This is welcome news, whatever the causes may be that bring it about. The same editorial suggests a new use of the aeroplane, a bloodless bombardment from the skies. The *New York Sun* is the source of the information that Russian aeroplanes flying over Constantinople have dropped hundreds of thousands of leaflets announcing in the Turkish, Armenian, Greek, Kurdish and Arabic languages that every Christian massacred by Moslems will be avenged by the execution of two Moslems. Perhaps the forewarning may save life.

Once more the President of the United States, as it seems to UNITY, has lost a great chance. If, instead of making a protest against Germany's submarine warfare on his own initiative, making an issue between Germany and the United States, he had sought, as we believe he would have readily found, a combined protest in which the neutral nations of Europe and America would join, certainly Holland and the Scandinavian peninsula, with the A, B, C Powers of South America, would be interested. It would mark a new era in diplomacy. If Germany refused to heed such a protest it would be picking a quarrel, not with the United States, but with the combined neutral powers of Europe and America. A very different matter.

The Kentucky Educational Association on April 19th held a special session in honor of Cale Young Rice in the First Congregational Church of Louisville, Kentucky, with Mr. Henry Waterson as honorary chairman. There were several musical numbers, Annie Fellows Johnston spoke on "A World-wide Tribute to Mr. Rice," Dr. Noe gave a study of "Nature and Human Nature" and Mr. Rice's poetry.

Mrs. Ida M. Tarbell spoke on Mr. Rice's limerick poems and Dr. Henderson on Mr. Rice's dramas. Evidently it is not always true that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Perhaps this notice will stimulate some of our readers to watch more closely for Mr. Rice and to seek a better acquaintance.

Reader, are you getting tired of UNITY's anti-war propaganda? Is the agitation getting monotonous? Are we forgetting the cause in the interest of which we came into the world? It may seem so to some of our readers. Our subscription list may suffer on certain lines. May we not hope that the fact that UNITY at least is in this fight against fighting, this war against war, where so few journals even of the so-called religious papers are to be counted on, will inspire those who find themselves in sympathy with us to speed our message by increasing our subscription list. Is not this a good time to ask your neighbors to subscribe. Are there a hundred readers who rejoice in it who will send a hundred new subscribers during the month of May? What if that hundred were to turn out to be a thousand? It is obvious by this time that UNITY is not being published for dollars, but it likes dollars when they come.

The Editor of UNITY will be absent this week in attendance at the conference of the World Alliance of International Friendship, which is to be in three days' session at Garden City, Long Island. The meeting is called "for the purpose of considering how far and in what way the church can co-operate in promoting friendly relations among the nations." Among the speakers named are Washington Gladden, President Faunce, Dr. Mott, Bishop Greer, Dr. Lynch, Dr. Gulick, Dr. Macfarland and others. The task which this Council has set before it is a formidable one. The imbecility of the churches is explainable by the complacency of the clergy. How few are the ministers who stand out on the picket line of the army marshalled against war! How numerous and how fierce are the ministers who are willing to champion one side as against another in these European upheavals. The pro-German or the pro-Ally is unwittingly pro-war. Anti-war must regret and condemn any attempt on either side to justify itself in this prolonged campaign of murder.

We print on another page a communication from Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead which at least points the way in which constructive discussions ought to go, an independent agitation of which by the sane and heroic can but hasten the proper solution. We would like to add to No. 3 of Mrs. Mead's suggestions, after the word autonomous, the words "without armies." Self-government to the submerged peoples of Europe without armies would be a great step towards the disarmament of powers already armed, and if the high seas and the waterways of the world, the narrow passages, canals and harbors were neutralized, their sanctity, if need be, being guarded by an international naval police, the causes of international strife and commercial jealousies would be largely done away with. All questions of indemnity, damage and reprisals might well be left from the start to compepetent commissions wisely chosen. If the United States would only busy itself in promoting these lines it might well rest in a sense of security with the present army and navy raised to their maximum efficiency.

A sensational item is going the round of the press stating that sixty per cent of the young men who make application for enlistment in the United States army and navy are rejected as physically unfit, and the belligerent press concludes that this means that we are a greatly unprepared nation. A closer analysis of the fact will show rather that the type of young men who seek army and navy service, in the main, represent our poor stock in trade. The able-bodied, alert, sound of brain and solid of brawn young men are not taking to the military life in the United States. The opportunities and rewards of peace are so much more gratifying. Were Congress to pass the great army bill, it is very doubtful whether, without conscription, 300,000 young men could be found who would be willing to accept the life of a soldier in times of peace, at $16 a month. The truth of it is we are short of the Tommy Atkins kind of men who find the camp and its discipline congenial to their tsate, or, if not that, to their needs. We have not cheap young men enough out of which to make an army, and our efficient young men, of which we have an abundance, have something better in hand or in view.

A striking illustration of journalistic conscience comes out in the last Monday morning issue of a great Chicago daily. Six aldermen wisely chosen, with a view of representing various parties and factions, tried to escape the persecution of newspaper men while they arranged the slate of the various committees of the council for the next year. They went as far away as Havana, and had gotten as far back as St. Augustine, Florida, where the reporters "were keeping watch of them," when lo, by a "lucky chance!", so says the newspaper, some one member of the committee acci-

dentally dropped his list. It was a bonanza to the reporters and the telegram assures us "all the information necessary was extracted from it and then replaced where the owner will recover it and probably his identity will never become known, for he certainly will not tell of the accident that befell him." Now the aforementioned "leading newspaper of the world" displays in bold headlines the committee list as found by accident and the legitimate intentions of the committee to keep faith with one another and with the council and keep their own counsel until time to submit the same to the proper authorities, has been thwarted by the fine "enterprise!" of a leading journal. Can that be honorable in a paper that is mean in a man?

At last it does seem as if even the newspapers will take note of the fact that the anti-war movement in America is not a superficial function on the part of the much ridiculed "sissy boys," and that Henry Ford is more than a joke. Senator Lewis of Illinois forsees the possibility of a Peace Party pledged to anti-militarism, temperance and suffrage, and the words of a Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* would indicate that even the politicians and editors are inclined to take seriously the astounding Ford vote in Michigan and Nebraska cast in the face of skillful political manipulation, widespread campaigning and the interest in "favored sons," etc. Here is an honor thrust upon a man who does not seek it, whose ambitions and energies have heretofore been poured in other directions. It is more than a probability that if a nation-wide preferential vote could be taken Henry Ford would carry at least every North Central State, perhaps with the exception of Illinois, whose votes would be weighted by the Chicago contingency. In the nature of things we must not expect progressive or prophetic movements to find their initiation in great cities, and for obvious reasons. It would be a great boon to millions of American voters to have an opportunity to cast their presidential vote for one so single-minded, clear-headed and so independent of party entanglements as Henry Ford. There is a great danger that the American people will go farther and fare worse.

So much of the War with its violence, its waste, its debasing powers and its blood has been laid at the feet of Nietzsche that we take pleasure in printing the following extract which the Association to Abolish War, at 12 Hazelwood Street, Boston, Mass., has wisely printed as a leaflet for free distribution. Mr. Charles F. Dole, president of the association, well says in a personal letter: "What a fine thing for circulation this bit of Nietzsche is!"

No government will nowadays admit that it maintains an army in order to satisfy occasionally its passion for conquest. The army is said to serve only defensive purposes. This morality, which justifies self-defense, is called in as the government's advocate. This means, however, reserving morality for ourselves and immorality for our neighbor, because he must be thought eager for attack and conquest if our state is forced to consider means of self-defense.

At the same time, by our explanation of our need of an army (because he denies the lust of an attack just as our state does, and ostensibly also maintains his army for defensive reasons), we proclaim him a hypocrite and cunning criminal who would fain seize by surprise, without any fighting, a harmless and unwary victim.

In this attitude, all states face one another today. They presuppose evil intentions on their neighbor's part and good intentions on their own. This hypothesis, however, is an inhuman notion, as bad as and worse than war. Nay! at bottom it is a challenge and motive to war. Foisting, as it does, upon the neighboring state the charge of immorality, and thus provoking hostile intentions and acts. The doctrine of the army as a means of self-defense, must be abjured as completely as the lust of conquest.

Perhaps, perhaps, a memorable day will come when a nation, renowned in wars and victories, distinguished by the highest development of military order and intelligence, and accustomed to make the heaviest sacrifice to these objects, will voluntarily exclaim, "We will break our swords," and will destroy its whole military system, lock, stock and barrel. Making ourselves defenceless (after having been the most strongly defended) from a loftiness of sentiment,—that is the means toward genuine peace, which must always rest upon a pacific disposition.

The so-called armed peace that prevails at present in all countries is a sign of a bellicose dispositon, of a disposition that trusts neither itself nor its neighbor; and partly from hate, partly from fear, refuses to lay down its weapons.

Better to perish than to hate and fear, and twice as far better to perish than to make oneself hated and feared—this must some day become the supreme maxim of every political community.

Our liberal representatives of the people, as is well known, have not the time for the reflection on the nature of humanity, or else they would know that they are working in vain when they work for "a gradual diminution" of the military burdens. On the contrary, when the distress of these burdens is greatest, the sort of God who alone can help here will be nearest. The tree of military glory can only be destroyed at one swoop, with one stroke of lightning. But, as you know, lightning comes from the clouds—and from above.—*The Wanderer and the Shadow, Sec.* 284, *from Vol. II of Human, All-too-Human.*

The Peace Cause in Chicago

We have in Chicago a sad illustration of the conservatism of organization. Here is an illustration of how hard it is to mobilize an advancing force in battalions. Here, as in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington, aggressive anti-war men and women are compelled to stand on the picket line very much by themselves. The Chicago Peace Society, which these many years has kept afloat the white-bordered banner and tried to interpret internationalism in terms of law and order, at its annual meeting last week deliberately undertook to side-step all the hot questions, and, so far as the speakers, which were confined to the President, a judge and a few remarks from the new Secretary, could, committed the society to a policy of "watchful waiting." There was something said of "loyalty to the nation and the President," something said about "nursing our

strength so that when the war is over we will be ready for action," etc., etc. All of which to the present writer was either regrettable timidity or a deliberate reaction, a yielding to the subtle and fell influences that have hypnotized the public press into an unanimity, that "influence" which has brought capitalists, "big business," bankers and politicians to the point of waiving all heroic discussions and abandoning pronounced leadership in the interest of "prosperity," "big interests," political harmony or national politics. Into this conspiracy of silence is injected a political anxiety, and some wise councilors are willing to modify the "wait until the end of the war" into "wait until after the election."

The attitude of the Chicago Peace Society is not exceptional. Indeed its attitude was justified at the last Saturday's meeting by direct endorsement, if not instruction, from the American Peace Society, with headquarters at Washington, which society co-operates in the support of the Chicago headquarters and pays the larger part of the Secretary's salary. In New York the ten-million Carnegie Foundation has also withdrawn its support and co-operation from any aggressive discussion of the hot questions now before the world, the backing that previously has been given to the anti-war work and workers of the United States has been withdrawn and it is spending its money this year largely in South America. We suspect the same state of affairs exists in Boston, for such leaders as Charles F. Dole and his colleagues have felt called upon to form a new peace organization, an "Anti-War Society," in order to give adequate expression to their convictions. The world cannot get along without organization and still organization needs money. Organizations have offices to fill and to perpetuate and all these needs call for prudence. There comes a time when it is assumed that the organization must be kept alive even though the cause that called it into being must needs be trimmed or neglected. This is the philosophy that foists creeds upon otherwise independent minds, that demands conformity even at the cost of individuality and independence.

Never in the history of the world were such great issues clamoring for settlement, demanding discussion. The United States is being tried as by fire. Will it hark back to the monarchial standards? Will it be frightened into the awful prudence of standing armies and an "adequate navy"? There are more than hints or suspicions that go to show tremendous and vicious combines of munition makers, international trusts among gun-men, armor plate men and gun powder men. There is an unquestioned ominous interlocking of the officers and leaders of the Army and Navy League with these great combines. There is a far-reaching effort to militarize our public schools, to train our boys in the science of destruction, to convert college campuses into drill grounds and to adjust our young men to soldiers' uniforms, thus making of them depressing objects on the landscape that for over a hundred years has been unstained by these reminders of violence. There are those high in authority who reiterate over and over again the skeptical epigram that treaties are but "scraps of paper," which epigram, if it means anything, is false to fact, for the nations of the world in the main are held in amicable fraternity by the power of treaties. The business of the world is carried on by "scraps of paper." The integrity of the home and the municipality rests upon the growing tendency among civilized men to make their word as good as their bond and their pledge a witness to their honor and their integrity.

These questions are not capable of easy settlement. Necessarily there will be differences of opinion, but they must needs be discussed, and where is there an open platform for the discussion of these hot questions if not under the auspices of peace societies?

Shades of Immanuel Kant, Hugo Grotius, Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, Channing, Ladd, Victor Hugo and Charles Sumner! Has it come to this that the "peace societies" who could conjure in your names, must taboo the demand for an arrest of armament, looking persistently towards the reduction of armament until it reaches the logical triumph of reason in a disarmament, excepting such forces as are necessary to do police service for the co-operating nations? An international police force on sea and on land has no more in common with a national army than has the policeman's club to do with the pistol in the belt and the bowie knife in the bootleg of an outlaw, or at least the man who is out to defend his own "rights" and to execute law by his "own hands."

As honorable exceptions to the alleged peace societies that seem to have submitted to the opium treatment—something that quiets their nerves and puts them to sleep, are the Church Peace Union, in New York, the Woman's Peace Party in Chicago, and we believe elsewhere, and the Anti-War Societies of Boston and Washington already alluded to, and the Henry Ford forces.

We may not know what is best to do or how to do it, but as the Lord liveth we should do something. This is a critical time in the history of civilization, and to cease to discuss these questions, or to cease to trust the potency of the law of love, or to try to apply the Golden Rule to international affairs, is as if the fire engines were kept in the barn until the fire was out. For it is dangerous work to fight fire and the machinery in all probability may be seriously damaged.

THE PULPIT

The Research Magnificent

A Sermon Preached by Joseph Fort Newton, Sunday Morning November 7, 1915, Liberal Christian Church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

SERMON.

"And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Jer. xxix:14.

"Take heed to thyself." I. Tim. iv:16.

My talk today, or at least the title of it, has been suggested by a story by Herbert Wells, a man typical of our time as much for what he does not say as for what he says; alike for his sparkling brilliancy and for his confusion of thought. It is less a novel than the biography of an idea embodied in a man. From earliest years this man is obsessed by the idea of living what he calls the noble, the aristocratic life, not in the ordinary sense of aristocratic, but a life of service, and the story is pieced together from a mass of notes left at his death. As the author says, his idea led him into situations that bordered on the fantastic, it made him ridiculous, it came near making him sublime.

Some one has called it a modern Pilgrim's Progress, but that is not so. The man in the Bunyan allegory knew where he was going; he had a definite goal; but this man is only aware that he is leaving the old haunts, and is more sure of what he wants to be than what he wants to do or where he wants to go. Often he makes us think of Don Quixote. Nevertheless, he knows there is nobility, there is kingship, there is a better life than this muddle about us, or this earth is only a dustbin and mankind a kind of skin disease on a planet. Urged by a great hunger and thirst after righteousness, he sets out to find a more radiant life of self-sacrificing kingship of spirit applied to social welfare, and though we may think he goes the wrong way to find it, his passionate hunger is real, and his adventures, if often futile, are none the less thrilling.

For some of us the peculiar grace of this story is its sense of the noble and enthusiastic idealism of youth, its face aglow, its bright lance poised. It recalls the high daring of the days when knighthood was in flower, and carries its vision like an oriflame through the dark places of earth. If it fails, it is not because that idealism is absurd, but because it has no faith in an Infinite Idealist without whom we are forever defeated. Despite his aura of invisible visions and inaudible trumpets, our hero meets the dragons in the way—the first of which is Fear. As a child he saw a tiger in a nightmare and screamed until his father came to his bed and told him not to be a coward. After that he learned to keep silent and bear his tigers alone, but the tigers were never far away. He sets about to conquer fear by walking across a field in face of an angry bull, and, later, by crossing and recrossing a narrow bridge over a frightful chasm in the Alps. In each case he won by a heroic facing of his fears, but it cost him no end of agony, as when he spent a night in a jungle unarmed.

After Fear came Passion, and he did not come off well in his encounter with it. Quite unprepared for the attack and siege, he fell, and then fled. He made a mess of his marriage, and concluded that the aristocratic life is incompatible with domestic ties, or, indeed, with any inseparable association. Here is strange teaching, to be sure, but it has a wide vogue in our time when the marriage vows sit so lightly upon men and women. It is another example of that accursed thing called the New Morality, by which men seek to escape the obligations of life and hide their shame under a cloud of words. Fleeing one dragon, our hero meets another more terrible. Fear, Indulgence, Jealousy—these are his three limitations to living the noble life; and the greatest of these is Jealousy. He thought he was above jealousy, but it caught him and gave him his hardest fight. Years later, in middle life, we find that the green-eyed monster still has power to trouble him deeply, the while he grapples with the last great dragon of Prejudice.

Truly it is a far, sad quest for the kingly life, but more visionary than real, and somehow it is all very futile. The man did not even find himself, and the practical results of his dreams and labors are scanty indeed. He goes hither and yon, from Russia to China, from India to the Balkans; he sees much of life in many places and makes clever remarks about it—that is all. Never through all his life does he succeed in doing anything; he only wanders through the world trying to discover what he is to do. It all ends in a blur of misty talk. The author takes the failure of his hero calmly, with the remark that perhaps man, like the ape, is not for such exalted aims. He is not cynical, but rather hopeless in the presence of the unkingliness of man. One feels that Wells is as much addled as his hero, who starts everywhere and gets nowhere. He is rich in ideas, vivid, varied, depictive, running the whole gamut of thought and suggestive wonder, but he comes to no conclusion.

Typical of our time the story certainly is, both in its cleverness and in its confusion, and that is why it interests me. What an age of extremes, of hucksters crying cure-alls, of endless noise and little thinking! Men mistake activity for progress, curiosity for culture, effects for causes, trying every kind of short-cut to reach results. Just because they ride in auto cars and slide down the sky in airships, they fancy that the moral map of the world is obsolete, as if

> "The fine audacities of honest deed,
> The homely old integrities of soul,"

were not as necessary today as when Solomon reigned. One would hardly infer from this clever story that Christ ever lived on earth, or even that God exists—save for a stray note scribbled by the hero near the end of his life. Here again the story is true to the life of our time, much of which is purely pagan, and it is no wonder that a research which began without God ended in futility.

None the less, there is a research magnificent, and it does not fail if we have the heart to pursue it. The stories of Sherlock Holmes, in which one man goes in search of another man, are thrilling, often breathless in their interest and suspense. But vastly more subtle, more enthralling by far is the search a man makes to find himself. Each of us has within himself, did he but know it, the greatest of all secrets, at once the most open and the most hidden, and happy is he who finds it. When the prodigal son found himself, he started homeward to his father, retracing his wandering steps. Always the great day in the life

of a man, his birthday in fact, is when he finds himself, for then he discovers the kinship of his soul with God his Father, with man his Brother, and the glory of life as love and comradeship, here and hereafter. How good it is to turn from our teller of tales, whose cleverness is so strangely stupid, to the great and wise teachers of old, who were not only seekers but finders, and who can lead us thither where we seek to go.

Time vanishes and we are back in the ages agone, a little way out from the City of Athens, where the odd, homely, wise Socrates is walking with a friend. They pass a monument bearing the legend of gods and heroes, and the young man asks the sage if he really believes the story. Socrates evades the question, but the youth presses the point, and hears the reply:

"My friend, I have not time to think about such things. I am seeking to know and to understand myself first."

There is the wise word of a master. Analyze your own soul; do honor to all that is good in yourself; search out the base thing that keeps you from being the man you ought to be. Know yourself first, find out what you are, what you are not, what you can do, where you are weak, where strong, and you will not fight a dim battle in the dark. It is not selfish to begin with number one, but to stop with number one. "Take heed to thyself," in order to serve well, for only as we know ourselves can we know others and help them in the way.

Take it in the matter of motive, by which the moral quality of our acts is determined, and you will see how little we know of ourselves. Often our real motive is hidden from us, insulated like the wire in an electric cable, wound around and around by many layers of covering. Often, too, we resent it when a friend untwists those layers and reveals the unsuspected truth of our actual motive. How many men mistake their work in life because they do not know themselves and what they can do. Others play with evil habit, not knowing themselves, and are caught and dragged down in intolerable dishonor, so easily does folly become fatal. Again, the man who denies God does not know himself, else he would find in the deep needs of his nature, its hungers and cravings, the basis of all that faith asks us to trust. Whence come these strange longings that well up in our hearts, these thoughts that wander through eternity? Whence this awful sense of right and wrong, and its prophecy of God? Let a man look into his heart and he will find the sure tokens of the Eternal, intimations of the Infinite, and foregleams of immortality. Oh man! know thyself, and the mighty soul within thee will be the prophet and priest of its own high faith and hope!

From Athens to Rome is not a far journey, but it brings us to another wise teacher of the soul. How noble was Aurelius in his palace, how lofty and lovely of spirit, a man in whom courage was continual and culture a habit, in whom wisdom and pity were blended. With right he tells us to work hard and waste not the treasure of time; to avoid listening to slander; to be gentle with others and stern with ourselves; and above all, to "control thyself." But a man must know himself, if he is to be master of his powers and his passions. There is no more pitiful sight on earth than a man who has lost control of himself, and this tragedy comes more often from failing to take heed than from lack of power to resist. He is wise who makes research to find the unknown forces hidden in his nature, and how to subdue them by the power of will. How stands the case in respect to moral self-mastery with each of us? Which of us can say with Henley,

> "I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul,"

and feel secure from surprise attack? Yet we have the power, if we seek till we find it, to stand against all tyrannies and be the masters of our destiny.

Among the hills of Judea, and along the shore of Lake Galilee, walked One who spake as never man spake. At first he walked alone, then attended by a few fisher folk. He was a wanderer, and night often overtook Him without a pillow; but no human cry, however feeble, left Him unmoved. Three swift and gentle years he lived and taught, and the sum of His gospel is told in two words, "Deny thyself." Thus to self-knowledge and self-control He added the ultimate touch of spiritual grace and moral beauty. But self-denial, as Jesus taught it, was not a grim asceticism, much less a self-annihilation. It was the denial of the lowest in behalf of the highest, the death of all that is unheavenly within us that the image of God may be revealed, the putting down of a base, narrow, separating self for the sake of that higher self hidden, often seemingly past finding, in every man. If it begins by honoring what is divine in ourselves, it ends in honoring all men, disclosing, as Plato held, what humanity really is in the highest and noblest life. It seeks, by culture of soul, by refinement of personality, by building up a heroic and pure character, to make sacrifice fruitful and valuable.

Culture, power, service—here is the code of the finest manhood, and the true order of the life of the spirit. First, freedom, then moral chivalry, and both dedicated to humanity, and there is no conflict between them. Far from it. Either one, without the other two, may be futile if not fatal to the highest life. Manifestly, no man can know his fellows until he has looked into his own heart, for in the deep heart of us we are akin and have the same battles to fight. On the other hand, if he does not keep a taut rein on his lawless impulses and make himself master of his soul, his knowledge may end in vanity or dark despair. Yet self-control, if it be not touched by self-giving, will just as surely issue in hardness or indifference of heart, or at best in Stoic sternness. While it is equally true that if we are to give anything to our fellow souls we must have something to give, must be noble if we would render any noble service. Three chapters they are in the Book of Life, three words in which are summed up the wisdom of the ages, and all three are needed to tell the story of Him who, in the briefest time, wrought the greatest work, and whose memory is the holiest tradition of humanity.

Here is the research magnificent, and happy is he who has a heart for the high adventure. Nor Lancelot nor Sir Galahad ever went forth on quest more daring or more rewarding. This is the kingly life which the hero of our story sought but did not find; this and nothing less or else than this reveals the rhythm of life, its radiance, its reason for being, and its hope of going on. Let us make the venture which never yet has failed, and by surrendering to the wise will of One greater than ourselves win victory over

our own hearts. Let us give ourselves to it with all our strength, that so our days may be strung on a golden thread of divine purpose, and death be the hour of our crowning. In unity there is power, in love there is understanding, and in the sweet air of faith there is freedom of soul and the fellowship of just men who made perfect.

"In spite of the stare of the wise
And the world's derision,
Dare follow the star-blazed road,
Dare follow the Vision.
The world is a vapor,
And only the Vision is real—
Yea, nothing can hold against Hell
But the winged Ideal."

How Can the Allies Best Achieve Their Purpose

To the Editor of UNITY:

The recent letter to the Allies signed by 500 distinguished Americans expresses, first, their righteous opposition to the spirit of German militarism and their hope that this war will not end without Belgium being restored and indemnified; second, that there be some guarantee that a calamity such as the present war shall not recur, and their belief that the war should continue until these things are assured.

Few Americans, indeed, differ from them in the ends which they desire to have accomplished; but the point about which there may be decided difference of opinion is as to whether these ends can best be attained by continuance of the present slaughter or by negotiations. The letter does not explicitly say that Germany alone must recoup Belgium, but that is the implication. The indemnity to be wrung from a Germany exhausted by another year of war would presumably not be more than one or two billion dollars, and for this the nations must spend a billion dollars every fifteen days until the war ends, if its cost continues at the present rate. Another year of war will not only destroy as many men as have been lost in battle this last year, but a still larger number of women and children from starvation. The report from peaceful Spain is that the cost of food has gone up over seventy-five per cent. This next year the ratio of increase from starvation will be rapidly accelerated. It seems probable that the women and children who have perished far outnumber the men. In the Boer war they outnumbered the men four to one.

In view of the fact that far less justice than injustice would be achieved by a stubborn demand that the war shall continue until Germany submits, I venture to suggest an alternative plan for consideration: This aims at the same results. If accomplished it would recoup Belgium, protect the small nations, lessen bitterness and give large assurance that no such war could ever recur. It seems probable that Germany might not refuse such a plan.

(1) That all conquests in Europe and Africa be surrendered by all nations.

(2) That Belgium be rehabilitated by the combined aid of Germany, Austria, Great Britain, France and the United States. These combining at the present time could supply her needs far better than an exhausted Germany could be compelled to do at the end of another year.

(3) That Serbia, Poland, Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine and the Balkan States be made autonomous and their neutrality be guaranteed by the eight powers with drastic penalties against violation.

(4) That international waterways be neutralized.

(5) That Constantinople be a free city under a government provided by the joint action of the eight powers.

(6) That these eight powers, which own nine-tenths of the armaments of the world, unite in a League to Enforce Peace. This shall have not only such features as those prescribed in the plan agreed upon at the convention in Independence Hall last June, but such other provisions as are necessary to the execution of the whole plan.

Doubtless every item of the above program would be bitterly opposed from some quarter; e. g., South Africa would oppose surrender of the conquered German territory. But is there any difficulty comparable to that of continuing the present war, which means almost extermination of Serbia and Armenia, in which people are dying by the million, and in the end being obliged to consider practically those very conditions if permanent peace is to be assured?

America has so much to lose by the complete exhaustion of her best customers, already heavily in debt to her, that she could well afford to devote a part of her proposed increased expenditure for armaments to relieve Belgium and ensure a far greater security than this increased armament ever could achieve. Is not the sane word for us all, statesmanship, instead of battleship?

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

A Schoolgirl Pacifist

To the Editor of UNITY:

Sir: Marjorie Sterrett advises that we school children give 10 cents to build a battleship big enough to "lick other nations with."

Don't you think it would be better if they gave ten good reasons why there should not be any war?

America I always thought was too moral to "try to lick the world." A battleship is no honor to a nation, but progressive men and women who build up a strong international honor are.

Or if the school children would give the same 10 cents toward getting the less fortunate ones out of the factories, where boys and girls of Marjorie's age work ten and twelve hours a day for perhaps a mite more than ten cents a day. This is national patriotic defence of children's lives and limbs.

Good patriotism means a good democracy and not war—maddened slaughter.

Another thirteen-year-old schoolgirl patriot.

CECELIA ZILBERMAN,
P. S. 99, Midwood School.

Brooklyn, Feb. 5, 1916.

Preparedness for world's peace lies with Americans now; act at once.

Lincoln Centre Fellowship

The last dinner for the season of the Lincoln Centre Fellowship attracted an unusually large number of participators, which was considerably augmented when adjournment was taken to the auditorium in order to more comfortably listen to the reading of one of her own unpublished stories by the charming guest of honor of the evening, Miss Zona Gale.

A brief business meeting intervened at which the following officers of the association were elected to act during the coming year: President, Rev. Lewis B. Fisher Dean of the Ryder Divinity School of the University of Chicago; joint President, Mrs. Charles E. Nagely; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. E. Baker; Recording Secretary, Miss May Johnson; Treasurer, Mr. David Lofts.

Under its constitution this association always has two presidents, one man and one woman, who act in co-operation, and after several years' trial of the plan it evidently works very successfully. The name of Dr. Fisher was received with special enthusiasm, as many of those present remembered with gratitude the kindly spirit of helpfulness shown by Dr. Fisher during Mr. Jones's absence on the Ford Expedition.

The title of Miss Gale's story was "Folks." Under the simple guise of one of her well known Friendship Village stories, as told by that staunch, independent philosopher, Calliope Marsh, the author cleverly wove into the mesh of the narrative such a cogent plea against militarism and "preparedness"—always with quotation marks—as to prove her right to the title given her by the presiding officer, Mr. Jones, "the best man in the anti-preparedness army."

"There has always been war, just as there have been other recognized established evils, greed, meanness, vice and crime, and these will always be because they are part of human nature."

How famliar is this same old pessimistic plaint that is thrown in the face of all seeking better things for humanity! So busy are men and women in insisting on this hopeless proposition that they forget that biology, history, all sciences and our own every day experiences teach us that when humanity reaches a point where it realizes that certain evils actually exist and are casting their baleful influence upon us and our children, then that same human nature will wake up on its better side and will begin to do something about it. The war against vice and crime and these other things has already more than begun to begin. The better forces of society are imbued with the righteous determination to crush down these baleful influences and replace them with the healthy, constructive principles and ambitions that conduce to the salvation of the world. But the real inherent evil of that thing we call war, naked, undecorated war, unsoftened by the glamor of national honor, unexcused by the distorted ideals of personal courage and national prestige, this evil is one the horror and the wickedness of which the world has not yet begun to begin to realize. We catch glimpses of a faint tendency in that direction. Miss Gale gave several instances showing the development of a new kind of courage born out of a resolution that will meet death, yea, disgraceful death, rather than commit the crime of fratricide. Miss Jane Addams has told of five German soldiers who, recovering from their wounds in a Swiss hospital, went out together and shot themselves rather than return to the business of murdering.

It takes courage of a high order, it takes initiative of a deep quality to start things,—things worth starting,—particularly when we know to a certainty that the end, even a fair start toward the end, will surely be only in the far future, but Miss Gale's plea is that we at least open our eyes to our duty, that we appreciate the instrumentalities that are working toward permanent international peace, that the generations to come at least may benefit from our willingness to begin to begin to begin to realize that no nation is safe and on the road to real progress until the world is safe and progressing in the right direction.

A brief word explanatory of the work of the American Union Against Militarism was given. The hope of that organization is that a similar union will grow up in other countries, all of which will some day be merged into a world union.

In his closing words Mr. Jones referred to the strained conditions existing in the Mexican and German situations, and said: "Let us keep our heads. Let us keep cool and pray that the United States may be one nation that can save honor by refraining from killing."

A. L. K.

STUDY TABLE

Religion Without God

The two most remarkable religious books I have read recently are by an English explorer and soldier. He has traveled in every part of eastern Asia, especially in those regions little known. He has been a soldier and administrator in India, and he has made himself familiar with South Africa. Especially is he known as leading, in 1902, the Anglo-Indian expedition into Tibet, which brought that country into relations of fair-dealing with the British Empire. He has written several books describing his explorations, which have been welcomed as adding much to our geographical knowledge. This writer is Francis Younghusband, knighted not long since, and has "Sir" placed before his name. If there is any virtue in such honors, he probably deserves whatever credit is to be found in the title, especially because of his daring as an explorer in the wild regions of Asia.

When walking with a friend in Europe somewhere, perhaps in Holland or Belgium, Younghusband was run into by an automobile, which broke one of his legs, injured his foot, hurt his back and head, led to several operations, confining him to his bed for months, with the result that he barely escaped death. After a long period of the most excruciating pain, not to say torture, he finally recovered, due largely, as he thinks, to the devotion of his wife. While convalescing he naturally studied his experiences as an invalid, queried as to the usual religious comfortings offered on such occasions, arrived at some conclusions of his own, which he published in a little book called "Within: Thoughts During Convalescence," which was brought out in London by Williams & Norgate, in 1914. It met with such a warm reception that the next year he published another still smaller book, which he entitled "Mutual Influence: A Re-view of Religion." It is now published in New York by Duffield & Company.

These are very unusual books; small in size, but great in contents. The author is a deeply religious man, a mystic, full of devoutness and piety, at least in the old meaning of that last word. He is not at all inclined to materialism, agnosticism, atheism or any negative interpretation of religion, in the forms widely known. A man of deep emotions, of quick sympathies, of a lofty type of sincerity, he speaks out his whole heart and mind in what is a real confession. The impression made upon a candid reader is that of a man honest, free, anxious for the truth, and unwilling to take for truth anything which is conventional, traditional and popular, merely because it is such.

What is surprising about these books of a profoundly religious man is, that there is nothing whatever in them which usually passes under the name of religion. A passionate yearning for spiritual realities, of a mind deeply mystic and devout, gives no faith in a personal God, a Christ who represents God in human form or any convinced faith in immortality.

That such books should be written and widely read is an indication of tendencies working deeply in the life of our time. The old faiths no longer satisfy a considerable number of persons who are intuitively and yearningly religious. In his first book Younghusband queries, if there were a personal God, how he could have permittted the months of pain and torture through which he passed after his injury. No explanations of the theologians really answer the queries of this questioner. They simply fall back on conventional replies and do not justify their God to man. The author refers to a great famine in India, where he administered such help as was possible—caused by a sudden cessation of the summer rain called the monsoon. He also saw a railroad accident in South Africa, in which a large number of persons were maimed or killed. Theism does not give any genuine explanation of such evils—none that goes to the root of things.

Arriving at such conclusions, Younghusband, with the aid of modern science and philosophy, comes to accept opinions which seem to him satisfying. He dismisses the personal God, the Big Man in the heavens of tradition, and works out a faith which is rational, satisfying and devout. Few would bring to it that mysticism as of Francis, that piety as of Wesley, that sincerity as of Channing, which we find here; but the result is greatly interesting and suggestive. Many a reader will find help in these little books, whether he adopts all the writer's conclusions or not.

Mysticism in all its types shows similar tendencies. The title of his first book gives the clue to Younghusband's faith—"Within." He turns from a God without to a God within. He is not far from what is called the immanent conception of God, though the immanence is in man rather than in nature. The second title broadens the conception—"Mutual Influence." First, we are to trust ourselves, look within, and realize that every human being is not only helping to create God, but that he is adding something to the meaning and the worth of the universe. Each such center of influence is in touch with all other such centers, not only in individuals, but in atoms and electrons. The universe is a vast co-operative association,—all atoms, electrons, worlds, suns, and men are influencing all others, and this mutuality is the secret of the universe, what men have called God. But the God has been made by men, and not the other way about. He is a creation of men's imaginations, and no longer serves any real purpose. Christ may be admired, and doubtless really lived and served his kind; but it is impossible to take him to be God or in any way a representative of God. We may believe in immortality, but rather in such a future life as will make others better and happier, rather than in any individual demand that we shall live on hereafter.

Younghusband is an individualist of the idealistic type. He believes with a great faith in trusting one's self, in freedom of individual action and thought, and in the widest possible liberty of conscience and thinking. "Trust yourself" might be regarded as his creed, were it not that he as emphatically teaches trust in all other persons, and in the universe in all its manifestations. He puts great emphasis upon patriotism, loyalty to one's country and fidelity to all which is human. He again and again illustrates his conception of the God within, in which he has the deepest faith, by saying that England or France are but names, they do not represent an entity of a spiritual type; but that something which the word expresses,—that impersonal loyalty, love, devotion, means what is of supremest worth. In the same way the universe, humanity, civilization, are words, impersonal, not representing anything connected with individuality: but none the less great, beautful, impressive, of loftiest meaning. It is this impersonal reality, this withinness, this mutual influence, this combining power of vast numbers of cells, atoms, individuals, unified into a supreme whole, which makes what is admirable in the universe and humanity and to be regarded with awe and loyalty.

In his first book Younghusband treats of marriage, home, love in a manner at once impressive and beautiful. Few writers have treated these subjects with more enthusiasm, good sense, sanity of mind than are to be found here. His other subjects are faith in ourselves, which is a greater loyalty to others, how to acquire ideals which will be truly helpful in attaining a worthy life, and the morality with it is at once truly human and worthy of the utmost loyalty. The other book enters more fully into a discussion of the nature of things, the process by which the good is reached, again the ideal, what the nation means in the life of the individual, and the meaning of prayer and worship to such an one as discards the traditions of the past.

The passages marked to be quoted must remain uncopied. Nothing but reading these books in the course of an evening or two will truly sample them. I do not think anything so good and so honest has appeared in a long time. They are real books. They carry a great message. They carry the meanings of religion, with omission of its impossibilities to the inquiring minds of today.

We hear much about the return of the world to religion in these days; that everyone has now become a believer; that no skeptics are now alive. It is always convenient to see the world as you wish to have it. The fact probably is that there is as much skepticism —probably more—than there was fifty years ago; but far more conformity, more conventional acceptance of religion, less honesty and outspokenness. It is

good, therefore, to find a man who has thought his way out into the open, whose word on religion seems like a day of spring after winter, and who does not hesitate to deal sincerely with himself and his readers.

I do not find all of Younghusband's conclusions satisfying to my own mind. I think his individualism, his trust in self, somewhat too emphatic, and not well balanced. His conception of God is not final, as that of any individual thinker must be for him only, and those who think and feel with him. But, on the whole, it is clear to me that here is a word about God greatly needed. It is a refreshing, a beautiful conception, put forth in these books. I find delight in it. It rids the mind of theistic mythology. It shows that life, humanity and the universe have meaning. It makes it clear that what all religion most needs is a great idea of man, a working faith in man, a humanistic faith strong and vigorous. This is the supreme need of this hour.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

IX.
Monks and Missions in the West

"Christ in every eye that sees me;
Christ in every ear that hears me."
—*From St. Patrick's "Breast-Plate."*

Ulfilas—311-381—Goth.
Patrick—396-469—Ireland.
Columba—521-597—Scotland.
David—544-601—Wales.
Austin—...-604—England.
(Augustin.)
Boniface—About 680-755—Germany.

The conventional history of Europe from the fourth to the seventh century is that of one big battlefield, its population one great quarreling multitude. Until comparatively recently a clear line of demarkation was drawn by scholars between political or secular and ecclesiastical history. Even such a great scholar as Millman, perhaps the greatest and best *one* authority, finds himself hampered because he must always remember that he is writing the history of Christianity and not of the world. But in our lesson today we are once more with the monks, the real potency of this period, and we see the "bloodless victories of the unarmed conquerors." It is the marvelous story of the conquest of Europe to peace and industry, to thrift and progress.

In this lesson we will draw a thumbnail sketch of six men whose stories are embedded under a delightful blanket of miracle, legend and tradition, but not so obscure but what the deliberate, cool headed critical western scholar may without hesitation find real personalities.

Ulfilas—The Goths from the country north of the Danube in the last half of the third century of the Christian era made forays to the eastward, penetrated into Asia Minor and into Cappadocia, captured many fair-haired Christians, carrying them as slaves into northern Italy,—German territory. In such a company were the fore-elders of Ulfilas, presumably Christians of the Arian type, and, as so often happened, the slaves became the conquerors. By virtue of a more ethical and gentle religion they made an impression and captured their captors. As a result Ulfilas was permitted to fare forth to Rome to develop his scholarly instincts and to obtain that culture offered by the Roman Church. Touched with this added power he returned to his home and proceeded to Christianize the Goths. He became another Bible maker, rendering the main part of the Scriptures into the Gothic language. In order to do this he had to invent or modify an alphabet and reduce the Gothic speech to a written language, just as our Indian chief in Tennessee, known as Sequoi, invented a system of characters that enabled him to translate the English Bible into his Choctaw. The delightfully free spirit of Ulfilas is shown in his decision to omit the books of Kings and Chronicles from his translation. He argued that the people he was trying to teach already knew quite enough about fighting. It is also interesting to note that fragments of this Gothic version comprise all that is left to the linguist by which to study the parent language of the Teutons. Himself an Arian by descent, we next hear of Ulfilas as present in Council at Constantinople, where a creed was issued embodying a middle issue between the orthodox and Arian parties. This son of a slave not only gave to a crude people a written language, a Gothic Bible, but organized them on high Christian lines.

Patrick has suffered from flippancy and is too often disposed of with the story that he drove the snakes and toads from Ireland. But Patrick ought to be spoken of with reverence by the most radical and intelligent, for, while his story is overlaid with miracle and fable, it is not difficult to find a great personality. His origin is ambiguous; Wales, Scotland, Ireland and Brittany all claim Patrick. He was early carried away as a slave from Ireland, where he spent his youth, by a band of Scottish marauders, and for some years was a swineherd. Of a thoughtful mind and anxious for education, Patrick ran away, tradition says was educated at Rome. He did not forget his own people but went back there, and without armor or gun, by the power of the message of Christianity as formulated at that time, he made a big dent on Ireland. He established a camp for those who would be taught and thereby laid the foundation of the great University of Armagh, where learning was fostered, manuscripts copied and Christianity taught.

Columba was more elusive than Patrick, though he had a similar career in northern Scotland. He was evidently a hot-headed and pugnacious Christian, got into some kind of trouble, left Ireland and landed on this island of Iona, southwest of Argyleshire, from where he wielded a power that Christianized the country. He established monasteries and nunneries,

the relics of which are exceeding interesting. Travelers find many Ionic crosses, most beautiful artistically speaking, scattered along the highways, in public squares, etc.—the Cross of St. Columba. Columba was a Celt, manifested the greatest favor for the bards and saved a great volume of national poetry, songs and ballads that command the respect of students of literature. He did another thing, he transcribed the Latin Psalter for which he was called to account and sentenced to surrender it with the words "To every book belongs its copy as to every cow its calf"—a primitive copyright claim, and there ensued the battle of the Psalter, the contention continuing for a thousand years. The closing scene of Columba's life is touching and characteristic:

On the Saturday afternoon he was transcribing the thirty-fourth Psalm and coming to the verse "They who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good," he said, "Here I must stop at the end of this page; what follows let Baithen write." He then left his cell to attend vespers and, returning in the close, lay down on his couch of stone and gave his last injunctions to Baithen, till the bell at midnight called them to the nocturnal office. St. Columba was the first to enter the oratory, and when the brethren followed with lights they found the saint prostrate before the altar, and he soon passed away, with a sweet smile upon his face, as though he had merely fallen into a gentle sleep.

David is perhaps the most elusive of them all. Unfortunately we do not come upon a scrap of recorded history until about four or five hundred years after his death, at which time he enters the traditions of the Catholic Church. He was born in Cardiganshire and, like his fellow saints, fared to the Continent for his education, perhaps to Paris, maybe as far as Rome, afterwards becoming the benignant missionary to his homeland. He founded or restored a monastery at a place subsequently named Ty Dewi, "House of David," or St. David's. Young David appears as a valiant defender of the orthodox church partly against the Pelagian heresy. He routed the Pelagians and lifted himself into the confidence of Rome, became bishop of the country side and patron saint.

St. David was permitted to transfer his bishopric from Caerleon, a militant city with traditions of valor, to Manevia, an isolated spot near the sea, later known as St. Davids, where there are the remains of the most interesting cathedral, historically and architecturally speaking, in the insland, now a massive accumulation that reaches all the way from the crude stone work of the Saxons to the most beautiful English Gothic. The story is told that one day when David was talking to a multitude, a boy in a spirit of mischief threw down his handkerchief for the "Father" to stand on, when lo, the handkerchief began to thicken until it raised him on a conspicuous platform. Culture is the magic handkerchief that will lift you into power and enable you to exercise your personality to its maximum.

Augustine of Canterbury is not to be confounded with Augustine of Hippo in the Roman story. The story is familiar of how Gregory the Great in Rome was attracted by the beautiful faces and complexions of three charming youths from Anglia, who he said surely ought to be taught to sing the alleluias of the angels, which incident led him to send Augustine as leader of the missionary movement in England. In the sixth and seventh centuries England was clearly the center of western academic culture with more institutions of learning than anywhere west of Italy.

Boniface, or Winfrid, his name before being sainted, was born in England, educated in one of the English college centers. Possessed with a missionary spirit he dreamed of a better country and finally settled on the banks of the Rhine where he had a remarkable career and succeeded in dotting that country with schools and monasteries. While on a missionary tour on the banks of the Zuider Zee he and his followers were set upon by a band of marauders and murdered.

The conventional historian would say that the Roman Church and its missionaries had conquered the whole of Europe, but we see that four of these saints we are studying today were cradled in the Christianity that antedated the Roman domain.

The story goes that Christianity reached England in the person of Joseph of Aramathea, who after he saved the body of Christ, sailed out into the Mediterranean and one bright morning landed in the neighborhood of Somersetshire. He climbed Tors Hill overlooking the beautiful plain of Glastonbury and planted there his staff which had supported his weary body. The thorn stick which he put into the ground bloomed and budded into power every Christmas morning. There are now the most beautiful remains of a cathedral in the world, and tradition says that that is where Joseph carried the message.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Where are Ionic crosses found?
(2) Where is the ruin of St. David's?
(3) What university did Patrick found?
(4) How many of the saints in today's lesson were slaves in early life?
(5) Which one translated the Scriptures into the Gothic?
(6) Tell the legend of the Glastonbury thorn.

LURES.

Scent o' the grass!
Needeth no challenging from any lass
To stir the heart, when in the breeze you pass!

Scent o' the fern!
Once breathed,—from out the trodden ways I turn
And follow,—cool green mysteries to learn.

Call o' the thrush!
Ere twilight veils the last faint sunset blush,
What silvern ripple haunts the hillside? Hush!

Scent o' the pine!
Far up, where swaying branches roof your shrine,
Surf-whispers voice a harmony divine.

Scent o' dry clover!
In sun-drawn fragrance o'er the field you hover,
And mowing's here, and summer dreams are over!

—Aldis Dunbar, in "The Craftsman."

West Philadelphia has promoted a come-to-church campaign with very complete organization. Large bill posters were put over the cities, and cards were hung in the street cars. The population was carefully canvassed and the results given to the pastors. Post cards have been issued to the ministers, fifty thousand in number, which are sent to the people whose absence from church has been noted.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

GARDEN CITY CONFERENCE.

The program of the conference of the World Alliance of the Churches for the Promotion of International Friendship, which is to be held this week at Garden City, Long Island, reveals a strong list of speakers and of subjects. It is hoped that there will be here assembled from one hundred and fifty to two hundred of the more widely known preachers and teachers of the country.

The general theme of the opening session is given as "The Church and the New Internationalism," and the speakers scheduled for that subject are Washington Gladden, President W. H. P. Faunce of Brown University and John R. Mott, general secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation.

The general theme of the Wednesday morning session will be "the World Task of the Church, a Practical Program." Under this heading "The Task in the United States" is to be described by Rev. Sidney L. Gulick, "The Task in Europe" by the Rev. Frederick Lynch. Several reports will also be submitted at this session by gentlemen who have been traveling back and forth between the belligerent and neutral nations. The Rev. Wm. P. Merrill will also deliver an address on the general theme.

The session on Wednesday afternoon will be devoted to "the Church and the Oriental Problem," and the speakers will be Robert E. Speer, D.D., Rev. Frank Mason North, Rev. Sidney L. Gulick and the Rev. Arthur J. Brown.

The general theme, "The Church and International Government," will be handled at the Wednesday evening session by Dr. Talcott Williams of the School of Journalism and Prof. William I. Hull.

The closing sessions will take up the subject, "The Spirit of Jesus in International Relationship." Among the speakers on this topic will be the Rev. Gaius Glenn Atkins, pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Providence, R. I., and author of "The Maze of the Nations and the Way Out," which won the one-thousand-dollar peace prize given last year by the Church Peace Union.

It is announced that one hundred and fifty men have accepted membership on the National Committee and most of them are expected to be present.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Announces the Following Closing Series of Sermon Topics

At Abraham Lincoln Centre, Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue, Sundays, 11 a. m.

"Above All Nations is God."
Theism Brought Down to Date.
April 30—"In His Will is Our Tranquility." Annual Confirmation Class Sermon.
May 7—Psalm XXIII and the War. Where is the Shepherd?
May 14—Roses and Thorns. God in Human Experience.
May 21—"The Hound of Heaven." Francis Thompson. God in Hell.
May 28—Battlefield Survivals. A Memorial Address.
June 4—Shakespeare the Revelator. Tercentennial Memorial.
June 11—Annual Flower Sunday. Last Sunday before Mr. Jones' vacation.

EASTER SUNDAY.

All Souls Sunday School, Chicago.

Chilly winds and lowering skies out of doors helped to emphasize the beauty and tenderness of the "fine-weather-within-doors" which always permeates the atmosphere of what are so aptly called the "home festivals" of All Souls Church, when the Sunday School is suspended and the children join with their elders in the service.

The robins in our stuffy little back-yards have already announced that spring is here, Miss Ogden's little Easter poem takes the word of the robin for it in spite of gloom and chill.

Robin and I take each in his own way,
the lesson Faith strives to impart;
He sees the blooms on the apple tree,
I feel joy wake in my heart.

In the comfortable auditorium of the big, plain building on the corner, the brightness of the children's faces, from those of the smiling babies brought to our altar of reason for christening, up to the girls big enough to be conscious of their new Easter finery, confirmed the robins' dictum and reflected the beauty of the pussy willows, the tulips and other exquisite flowers on the pulpit.

The simple ritual in the Little Brown Book that is always used on these festival occasions must needs be inherently good, both musically and literarily, or there would be those who would tire of it. The principle of reiteration has been

Increase Your Salary

The Gregg course offers the surest and quickest way to get a good position. Thousands of graduates with leading Chicago firms owe their initial success to Gregg training.

Enroll at any time DAY OR EVENING SESSIONS

Gregg training prepares for stenographic, secretarial, reporting, teaching and civil service positions. Expert teachers; individual progress; superb equipment; ideal environments and a select class of students,

Call, write or telephone (Randolph 6040) for catalogue.

GREGG SCHOOL
6 North Michigan Avenue - - Chicago, Illinois

thoroughly tested by the use of the same formulas word for word, note for note, for over thirty years in this church, and judging by appearances those who have become most familiar with the service by its longest use are the most appreciative of its beauties.

Our Sunday School working under our seven years' course, we believe offers an element of permanence and of longer average attendance as the years go on, than that usually enjoyed by youngsters in Sunday School. There are not a few of them who have grown up from the kindergarten class to the most advanced who know these services by heart and need no book as they sing with a heartiness born of familiarity—

Every good and perfect gift comes down
from God above;
Down from the shining heaven, the beautiful blue heaven,
Down from the boundless, beaming blue
heaven.

Then the babies, whether they come for christening or just to give their mothers a chance to join the service, are always objects of vital interest to the little folks in the front seats. And the Confirmation Class, the little group of bright-eyed boys and girls who have had the enviable privilege of meeting Mr. Jones once a week through a whole winter to talk together of high and holy things, religious, civic and literary, now receive a loving word from the Pastor, and each a prettily bound volume of Emerson's "Conduct of Life" to "grow up to." And then these children see some grown-up folks who stand up before the pulpit and shake hands with Mr. Jones and go back to their seats with a look on their faces that the children will know some day means a wider vision of brotherhood and usefulness.

Last, though not least, is Mr. Jones' word to the children. This time a yellow tulip in a little Delft vase brought directly from the factory in Holland, where the speaker saw it or its twin in the process of evolution from clay to finished thing of beauty, furnished a text for the little sermonette.

Nor were the tender memories that gather around the season forgotten. The names of several who have passed beyond the ministrations of All Souls Church during the past year were spoken of with love and appreciation.

Umbrellas were gathered up and heavy wraps donned, but such impediments, no, not even the lowering clouds could quench the glad Easter conviction that the spring *is* here—is permanently here.

A. L. K.

In Press, a New Edition, by Rabbi Jos. Krauskopf, D. D.

FIVE LECTURES ON

Jesus, Man or God?

Price 25 cents per copy, paper-bound; 50 cents cloth-bound. Postage 5 cents.

And of his six lectures on

Prejudice, Its Genesis and Exodus

Price 25 cents per copy, paper-bound; 50 cents per copy, cloth-bound. Postage 5 cents.

FOR SALE BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING CO.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones CHICAGO, ILL.

W. H. KIDWELL & SON

Successors to
J. F. KIDWELL & BRO.

Florists and Decorators

923-929 E. 43rd St.
Phone Oakland 830

3806 Wentworth Ave.
Phone Yards 694

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your job will be set right and printed right at the

OAKLAND PRINTING SHOP

743 E. 39th Street
Phone Kenwood 6535

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

BUY AT HOME
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Avenue

Carry a Complete line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of Charge

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

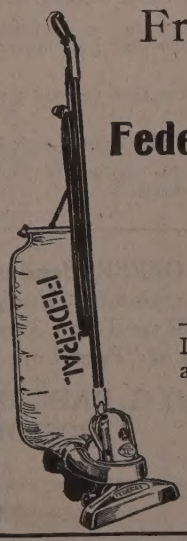
Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK



Free demonstration of this new style, high grade

Federal Electric Vacuum Cleaner

Special, $25.00—Time Payments

Telephone Randolph 1280

ASK FOR THE HEATING AND APPLIANCE DIVISION.

—have this Cleaner demonstrated in your home. If you prefer, you may see it on demonstration at any of our salesrooms.

COMMONWEALTH EDISON COMPANY

Edison Bldg., 72 West Adams Street

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns
and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

OAKLAND Motor Livery

Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 1288-1289

1049 E. 43rd Street
821 E. 39th Street

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

NOTE OUR RATES
Lowest in Chicago

ONE PASSENGER

First Half Mile	$0.40
Each Half Mile Thereafter	.10
Each Hour Waiting Time	.80

EXTRA PASSENGERS

For Each Passenger Above One, For the Entire Trip, Extra	.10

Let us hear from Lincoln Centre If it Pays to Advertise

"A periodical that stands steadfastly for good literature."—*The Dial.*

ESTABLISHED 1889

$1.00 a Copy **Poet Lore** $5.00 a Year

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF POET LORE

In Jan., 1915, Poet Lore began its second quarter century

A RECORD TO BE PROUD OF

Here are some of the big things that Poet Lore has done. This list, without further comment, shows why Poet Lore is the only magazine in America that is indispensable to all those readers who are on the lookout for *new* genius the moment it appears, instead of waiting to fall into line after this genius has been discovered by others. Read this list carefully.

In 1889 Poet Lore pointed out the supreme importance of Ibsen's dramas. It spoke of Ibsen then as "below no one but Shakespeare" to a nation that then only had heard enough of him to jeer. In the same year it gave its readers a review of Shakespeare's influence on Japanese literature. That was eighteen years before anybody else in this country even knew that there was such a thing as a great literature in "barbarous" Japan.

In 1891 Poet Lore made its readers acquainted with the work of Strindberg.

In 1892 Poet Lore brought to America some masterpieces of Bohemian literature, and it published Bjornson's play, "A Glove," in the original Norwegian version of *En Hanske,* authorized by Bjornson himself.

In 1893 Poet Lore published Maeterlinck's "The Blind," *which was the first publication of any of Maeterlinck's works in English.*

In 1894 Poet Lore published Maeterlinck's "The Seven Princesses" and "Pelleas and Melisande."

In 1895 there appeared in Poet Lore Maeterlinck's "Alladine and Palomides."

In 1897 Poet Lore brought to America another of the now world-famous dramatists, Sudermann.

In 1898 Poet Lore published "The Sunken Bell." *This was the first English translation of any of Hauptmann's plays.*

As early as in 1899 Poet Lore contained a story of Selma Lagerlof.

In 1900, Echegaray, the great Spanish dramatist, who in 1904 won the Nobel prize, was already well known to the readers of Poet Lore.

In 1903 the readers of Poet Lore were made acquainted with the unusual genius of Brieux.

In 1904 Poet Lore began the publication of Gorky's plays.

In 1905 Poet Lore was as usual first among the pioneers in recognizing the real significance of the new Irish literary drama by the publication of plays by Synge and Hyde.

In 1906 Poet Lore presented the dramatic work of Schnitzler in English for the first time.

In 1907 Andreyev was first made known to America by Poet Lore.

Poet Lore has introduced to this country no less than fifty-four European dramatists and eighty-six dramas.

SPECIAL OFFER—Send us $1.00, mentioning Unity, and we will send you 3 recent issues of "Poet Lore."

RICHARD G. BADGER
Publisher BOSTON

Richard G. Badger, Publisher, Boston:
I enclose $1.00 for which send me 3 recent issues of Poet Lore as advertised.

Name_____
Street _____
City _____
State _____